

The Coral Necklace

By J. B. MATTHEWS

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"Hands up!"

Old Zekiel Grow, butler, coachman, in the general major domo of the Brunelle household, gave a shiver and a gulp. Then his long scrawny fists went up in the air.

"Now then, blow the top of his head off, he lets out a whimper or moves an inch. The mischief!"

One of two highwaymen had abruptly entered the hall of the Brunelle home that calm summer afternoon to startle poor, faithful old Zekiel half out of his wits. The light face mask he wore had suddenly come loose. Old Zekiel stared, sputtered, looked appalled. Then the main malefactor ran up the stairs.

He evidently had studied the lay of the ground previous to this actual moment of the raid. Instantly he chose the most pretentious and boudoirlike of the sleeping apartments. A score of pretty tokens of feminine vanity and daintiness upon the bureau guided the intruder.

The latter pulled open the drawers with true professional rapidity. He tossed over their contents swiftly. At last his hands closed about a richly inlaid box. It was locked, but he drew a chisel from his pocket and roughly pried off the cover.

"It's a rich haul, just as I knew it would be," he chuckled gleefully—"now for a get-away!"

The marauder transferred the glittering baubles in the box to his pocket.



Hands Up!

ets, tossed their former receptacle into a corner of the room and descended the stairs in three bounds. Old Zekiel stood as he had left him—rigid, erect, looking into the barrel of the gleaming weapon presented by thief No. 2. "Gentlemen—" began Zekiel, mildly and beseechingly.

"Stow that!" growled the man who had led in the foray. Then he whipped out a revolver from his hip pocket, dealt Zekiel a sharp blow on the head with its butt and the old man sank to the floor dazed, half stunned and as if in a trance saw the two robbers mount their horses outside and swiftly disappear.

One hour later Judge Brunelle and his daughter drove up to their home to find old Zekiel in a frantic state of agitation. The judge looked serious, and pretty lone sat down and cried as if her heart would break, when she ascertained that the heartless desperadoes had made off with her jewelry and keepsakes.

"It was Black Donald," asserted Zekiel. "Judge, I saw him—I know him."

"Nonsense!" dissented the judge. "Black Donald went to New Mexico two years ago."

"Then he's come back again," declared Zekiel. "I'd swear to him, judge."

The judge forthwith consulted the police. Two years previously, back in their mountain fastnesses, the desperate, unruly gang headed by the notorious Black Donald, modern outlaws and daring lawbreakers of the district, had been broken up and driven out. Since then, except for occasional thefts from farmers and forcible assault upon stray intruders upon their "domain," the remnants of the gang had made little trouble in the section.

Instantly the local officers were on the trail. Within an hour after the gang had returned home to console his daughter three visitors appeared. They were young men, friends of lone. They wanted to become lovers. They were the favored trio of the numerous contingent of which pretty lone Brunelle was the center and queen.

There was Walt Afton, tall, distinguished, indolent of movement and speech. He was a scion of a wealthy family, as was his companion, Burt Willis. The latter was studying medicine with the veteran doctor of the district, but was slow and neglectful of his educational opportunities. And there was Ned Powers, just blooming into the full flame of the law—sturdy, but with force and character in his open, handsome face. Walt was the spokesman.

"We heard about the robbery," he announced, in his leisurely, drawling way. "We came to sympathize with Miss Brunelle, to offer our services."

"Thanks," bowed the judge, "but the police are on the scent and we have a sure clue as to the identity of the thief."

"Indeed?" commented young Willis. "Yes—it was Black Donald."

Walt fidgeted. Burt looked over his shoulder as if afraid of something. Ned Powers spoke up promptly.

"I know Black Donald," he said quickly. "If you are certain of that, judge, I think I could penetrate his haunts."

"Lone is too distressed to see you, young gentlemen," said the judge. "She cares very slightly for the loss of her diamonds, for they can be replaced. There was, however, a coral necklace her dead mother gave her years ago, when she was a child. Intrinsically it is worthless, but I would give a small fortune to recover it."

"I shall send for a city detective at once," announced Walt—"a corps of them, if necessary. That necklace shall be recovered!"

"I know relatives of some of the old gang," observed Burt. "I'll see if they won't help me recover it."

Ned Powers said nothing, but there was a set expression of resolve in his face as he left the place, and Walt observed laughingly:

"We are all in the race, fellows. I fancy the one who recovers that stolen necklace will stand in high favor with Miss Brunelle."

So at least Ned Powers thought and believed, and he went on his way, taking no counsel and detailing naught of his plans to his chattering companions.

Walt made a call at the Brunelle home two evenings later. He made a great play before lone of his vast efforts to have Black Donald apprehended and the stolen necklace recovered.

Then came Burt. A relative of one of the mountain families was under obligations to him and he had gone to see if he could not secretly ferret out the thieves and the booty.

But lone thought little of their interest in her behalf. One of her cavaliers was simply spending his money with plenty to spend. Neither undertook any personal risk.

Then both valorous champions came up against disappointment and chagrin. The detectives learned that Black Donald after the raid had stayed only two days with his friends and had gone back to New Mexico presumably with his plunder.

The emissary of Burt simply aroused suspicion for his investigations and learned nothing of importance.

"Father, what has become of Mr. Powers?" one day lone inquired and there was a conscious blush on her pretty face which the judge did not fail to notice.

Ned Powers answered the inquiry in person two days later. Bronzed, tattered, weather-worn, he came into the town. His first call was at the Brunelle home. Its object was to place in the hands of its lovely young mistress the cherished coral necklace.

lone went extravagantly wild over it. Her eyes sparkled with gratitude and admiration for the one man who had risked his life to restore to her a precious memento.

"I recovered it from a sister of Black Donald," explained Ned. "The rest of the plunder her brother took away with him."

A month later the engagement of lone and Ned was announced. One afternoon the happy pair were seated in a hammock, conversing.

"You are sure you never cared for anyone but me?" inquired lone.

"Never!" was the stanch, truthful reply.

"Nor—nor ever flirted with any other girl?" persisted lone.

"Once."

Her fair brow shadowed.

"Yes," admitted Ned, with a quizzical smile—"it was by paying strong court to the sister of Black Donald that I got hold of the coral necklace."

"Oh, that doesn't count!" cried lone effusively—"that was simply the strategy of war!" and she rewarded him with a kiss of perfect confidence and love.

WHY MOTHER SINGS TO BABY

Primeval Call of Feminine Nature, According to Scientists Who Have Studied the Subject.

Psychologists who have carefully studied the characteristics of instinct in woman have discovered just why mothers sing their babies to sleep. It is not merely inspired by the expectation of better sleep in their children, but it is the primeval call of the feminine nature. It is a maternal prompting which occurs naturally to each mother.

Savage mothers who are never known to sing upon other occasions invariably hum and croon to their children at night, and upon one other instance—when they are planting seed. It is a peculiarity of the Zuni native women and one which has been but recently understood.

The theory of primitive people is that there is some mysterious connection between the sound of a woman's voice and growing things.

Little Paris Green in America.

Paris green, deadliest enemy of the potato bug, is no longer obtainable in this country. The extinction was effected gradually. Today there is less than 500 pounds of paris green in the country and the holders of the goods demand all the way from 21 to 50 cents per pound, according to the quantity desired. Urgent inquiries for the product are heard from Louisville and elsewhere.

TRUNK REVEALS MURDER MYSTERY

Workmen's Pick Uncovers Hidden Crime More Than a Year Old.

BURIED IN QUICKLIME

With Identification of Body as That of Man Missing Many Months, Former Employee Is Placed Under Arrest.

Philadelphia. — A workman who buried his pick into a wooden box drove in the cellar of an old building that was being razed in this city, uncovered a hidden mystery. The box was carried out and broken open. In it was a brass-bound trunk and in the trunk was the body of a man partly destroyed by quicklime. The body had also been covered with strips of leather, which had been soaked in acid to hasten the work of decay and destruction.

Within a short time the police of the city had established the identity of the murdered man. From the teeth, a partly destroyed notebook and a few remnants of clothing, the body was recognized as that of Daniel J. McNichol, aged 25, who had disappeared from his home on March 30, 1914. McNichol was in the leather business and had for his foreman Edward J. Kelley, who, after the failure of the leather concern, opened a laundry in the building under which the body of McNichol was found.

Quarrel Led to Killing

There had been financial transactions between McNichol and Kelley and it is the theory of the detectives that the men quarreled in the office of the leather company on March 30, and that Kelley struck down his employer, placed his body in the trunk and took the latter in his wagon to the building where the laundry was opened up the next day. About the time of McNichol's disappearance, Kelley was seen at work excavating a hole in the cellar of his new place of business. He said he was digging a place for a furnace.

Following the discovery of the body, Kelley read in a paper that he was wanted, and, after consulting his wife, telephoned to the police that he was



In the Trunk Was the Body of a Man.

willing to submit to arrest. After he had been questioned he was held as a suspect, but subsequent developments resulted in a formal charge of murder being lodged against him. Kelley declares he is innocent and says McNichol is alive and that he had met him a number of times since his disappearance.

BOYS FORM THIEVES' CLUB

Two Members of the "Terrible Fifty-Eight" Arrested by the Police in Orange.

Orange, N. J.—The arrest of two boys, nine and ten years old, in this city brought to light the existence in West Orange of a club of small boys banded together as the "Crooks' Athletic Club," or the "Terrible Fifty-Eight." The object of the club, as ascertained by Police Chief John Drabell, is to promote petty thieving among its members.

George Durr of 2 Orange place, West Orange, and John McNeerney of Elm street, that town, were paroled to appear before the juvenile court on a charge of larceny. They were arrested for shoplifting in Henry F. Schmidt's store at 200 Main street this city. They had taken pen knives, cigarettes, flashlights and other loot.

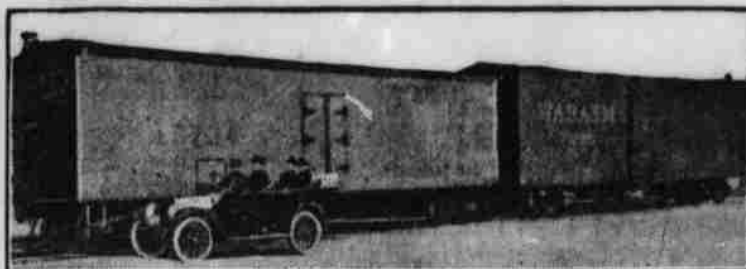
Fined for Sleeping in Station.

Boston.—George S. White of no place in particular except the North station in Boston, was recently fined \$10 by Judge Burke in municipal court. White admitted he had slept in the station while standing erect and that his position caused a great crowd to collect.

Chief Won Gooses But Lost Job.

West Berwick, Pa.—Chief of Police George W. Sinker took a chance at a party and won a goose, but drew a suspension from Chief Burgess C. W. Freas. He is charged with "allowing gambling and supporting the gambling by participation."

AUTOMOBILES PUT TO NOVEL USE



Employing a Light Automobile to Switch Two Loaded Freight Cars.

ASKS PATRONS' ADVICE

RAILROAD INVITES CRITICISM AND SUGGESTIONS.

With the idea of bringing its service to as near perfection as possible, Eastern Line Has Adopted a Novel Idea.

A prominent eastern railroad has placed nearly 5,000 posters in passenger and freight depots throughout its system, asking the public for criticism and advice, so that patrons of the road may get what they desire in the way of service.

Printed in red and black, the posters are attracting wide attention among travelers.

"Why does the railroad ask you to do this?" the poster asks. "Because it needs your confidence; it asks your co-operation; it asks for your friendship. To serve you properly without this is an impossibility. You will help the railroad to serve you if you will give serious thought to the solution of its problems which concern you directly."

It is said that this is the first time that a railroad has ever appealed to the public in this way for suggestions and criticisms. The poster reads as follows:

What Causes Lack of Confidence in Railroads?

What is your opinion? The management of this railroad wants to get at the causes wherever they exist, and remove them.

The starting point is to get people who do lack confidence in this railroad to say so and to tell why.

Why does the railroad system ask you this? Because

It needs your confidence. It wants your co-operation. It asks for your friendship.

To serve you properly without these is almost an impossibility.

You will help this railroad to serve you if you will give serious thought to the solution of its problems which concern you directly.

When you think of something this railroad can do to improve its service and make people think better of it, tell the management about it.

If you can tell this railroad ways to make people understand it better, please give the management the benefit of your advice.

ON RAILS AND THROUGH AIR

Cape Town Man Has Idea Which, If Successful, Will Revolutionize Methods of Transportation.

Think of traveling from New York to Chicago in a couple of hours! Imagine breakfasting in Boston and having supper in San Francisco or Los Angeles! Picture yourself speeding across the continent at the rate of at least 500 miles an hour in a train that sometimes runs on the rails, but more frequently glides smoothly through the air!

All this is rather startling, even in the morning of the twentieth century; but it is exactly what a Cape Town inventor is seriously promising the world. What is more, those who have seen the working of the model would not be very much surprised should the promise be made good, at least to a degree.

His name is Essen and he hails originally from Birmingham, Eng. The train which he has devised is to run upon a single rail with a cable overhead. The power will be electricity, and there is a trolley pole at each end of the cable to the motors below. There is also an aeroplane device by which the train may be lifted from the rail when sufficient speed has been attained and supported in the air. The velocity is then to be maintained, or even increased, by means of propellers with which the train is to be fitted.

Mr. Essen assures us that a speed of 500 miles an hour can be maintained with ease and will be entirely safe for the passengers. He also points to the economy of a monorail road, especially one that is to be used by trains developing power to surmount any grade and able to fly.

But confident as he is of revolutionizing transportation, he is forced to admit that a tiny model sometimes does things that are not to be reproduced on the larger scale of the practical machines they are supposed to miniature.

Not Up on Art.

Wife—Did you attend the big picture sale up in town?

Hubby—Yes, Susan, and I saw Rembrandt knocked down for a mere song!

Wife—Gracious, what brutality! And was the poor man's singing so bad that it caused the crowd to knock him down, Henry?

USED AUTO TO SWITCH CARS

Light Machine Did the Work in Most Satisfactory Manner, Saving Much Valuable Time.

Two cars of freight billed to an Illinois merchant were left recently on a siding in an inconvenient place for unloading them. To wait for the railroad company to re-switch the cars would have consumed considerable time, so a motorcar was employed to do the work. The machine which was used is a light, five-passenger touring car. A cable was attached between it and the lead freight car and the pull successfully made. Although the test was a severe one, because of the comparative lightness of the machine, it was completed without difficulty. Popular Mechanics Magazine.

FORCED TO AID PHYSICIAN

Wisconsin Statesman, Booked for Role of Patient, Had to Act Entirely Different Part.

Former Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin was taken ill one summer day away up in the wilds of that state. He was at a fishing lodge far beyond the honk of autos and the shout of newboys and publicity agents. To get from him to civilization it was necessary to travel several miles afoot, then cross a lake or two in a rowboat or canoe, and proceed farther by buckboard. The moment his heart began to act up he took a little general-purpose pill that he always has in stock about his clothes and dispatched a man for a doctor.

It was a rough journey going for the doctor, but the man was used to such trips. The doctor, on the other hand, was new to the region, and had done most of his traveling up to that time in trains and buggies. He was completely exhausted by the time he reached Stephenson's camp.

"Did you find a doctor?" called the senator, as they approached.

"Yes, but he's all in," yelled back the camp courier. "Guess we'll have to carry him."

"All right," said Stephenson. "Wait till I get my coat off and I'll help you."

And the eighty-five-year-old senator helped to carry in the physician who had come to minister to him.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

SEVERE TEST OF CAR ROOFS

Santa Fe Line Makes Sure That Its Coaches Are Capable of Keeping Out Rain.

An artificial rainstorm has been devised by Charles N. Swanson, superintendent of car shops of the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, as a means of testing the roofs of new cars and repaired cars before they are being put into service to make sure they are airtight. The apparatus consists of a spraying device which throws a very large quantity of water controlled from a little house at the



This Railroad Does Not Wait for a Damage Suit to Learn Whether or Not a Car Roof Leaks.

side of the tracks. The cars to be tested are hauled under the spray twice. The cars are then entered by the inspectors and all evidences of leakage are chalked for the guidance of the repair men. When the cars have been through the repair shops they are again subjected to the rainstorm test before they are put into service. The volume of water is so great that it is possible to locate leaks in the side sheathing or ends of the cars.—Popular Science Monthly.

No Need to Worry.

That she was a nervous little old lady was apparent to the whole car. When a young woman with a baby entered and sat down next to her, her quickly moving eye detected immediately that the child was placidly chewing the green transfer.

"Your baby—the transfer—look!" she exclaimed.

The young mother hastily rummaged her hand satchel and produced a yellow transfer. "Oh, thank you," she said. "It's all right—that's yesterday's transfer; here is today's."—Harper's Magazine.

The Diagnosis.

Doctor—What's the patient's mean temperature?

Nurse—From what his relatives tell me, I don't think he has any other kind.

CATARRH
IS
STAGNATION

You Can Avoid This By Using **PER-UNA**

44 YEARS LEADERSHIP

Catarrh means inflammation, which is stagnation—the gorging of the circulation with impure blood.

Correct all catarrhal conditions, wherever located, by the use of **PER-UNA**, obtainable in either liquid or tablet form at all druggists or the

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COOR. EIGHTEENTH AND CURTIS STS. DENVER, COLO.

Liquor and Drug Addictions cured by a scientific course of medication. The only place in Colorado where the Genuine Keeley Remedies are administered.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Acids and indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

Why Not?

"Pa," said the six-year-old, "what is a prince?"

"A prince," said his father, "is a king's little boy. Now, if I were a king you would be a prince."

The youngster thought it over for a moment.

"Why don't you be one?" he asked.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Times Change.

"What? You need new clothes again? When I was a boy I wasn't ashamed to wear garments that were patched."

"Yes, dad, but you know you didn't associate with such refined people as I do."

Piles Cured in 4 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if **PAGE OINTMENT** fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. First application gives relief. See.

Safely.

Johann, a soldier in a Bavarian Landwehr regiment, seemed to have something on his mind. Finally he spoke up. "If I only knew what sort of humor the captain was in," he said, "I would ask him for a furlough."

"Well," remarked Fritz, "there's one thing about it. If you go to him now, at least he will not eat you. This is one of the days when nobody ain't allowed to have meat."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Proof Unnecessary.

The Rev. Blox—Then you don't honestly believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale!

His Son—Sure, did. I'd believe anything of a Jonah.—Judge.

A man never devotes much time to wheeling his second baby around the block.

Makes Work a Burden

A bad back makes hard work harder. All day the dull throb and the sharp, darting pains make you miserable, and there's no rest at night. Maybe it's your daily work that hurts the kidneys, for jarring, jolting, lifting, reaching, dampness and many other strains do weaken them. Cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should do as well for you. Thousands recommend them.

A New Mexico Case

J. T. Sandoval, 115 Ortiz St., Santa Fe, N. M., says: "I suffered intensely from a dull, heavy pain in the small of my back, always worse when I caught cold. The trouble came on after an attack of malaria. Along with the pain, I had inflammation of the bladder and the kidney secretions scalded in passage. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I can't be too grateful for the improvement they made."

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